

The Evening World

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UNCLE SAM'S WARSHIPS.



REAR ADMIRAL
ROBLEY EVANS.

For the third time within ten months an opportunity has been given New York to inspect at close range the pick of the American navy. In many respects the present show of fighting craft peacefully riding at anchor constitutes the most impressive display of the nation's naval strength which the average citizen has ever been privileged to see.

Here are rendezvoused nearly one-third of all of Uncle Sam's ships which are fit for the line of battle. Here are the crack 23-knot cruisers which cost nearly \$4,000,000 apiece, and the formidable battle-ships with their powerful armament. Nearly \$40,000,000 worth of modern war vessels, carrying a complement of 7,961 men, one-fifth of all the men of all ranks and ratings in the naval service. Commanding them are 441 officers, with the broad pennants of three admirals displayed at the masthead.

After a Madison Square Garden "military show" with its popping of blank cartridges here is a glimpse of grim-visaged war's wrinkled front in repose which it requires no burning of powder to make convincing. Even the dullest mind awakes to an appreciation of the stern realities of modern sea warfare on looking at the Missouri's 12-inch guns and recalling the ten hits in three minutes at 1,600 yards in Guantanamo Bay. How long would it take these floating fortresses to blow a hostile fleet out of the water?

What a fine clean-limbed lot of boys compose the crews! What a conception one gets from their commanders of the meaning of "officer and gentleman"! What a thrill "colors" gives to the stiffest spine! Riverside Drive, which sees many things, sees nothing to compare as a combined spectacle and an object lesson in naval armament with these visiting white squadrons. Much of the affection once reserved solely for the "wooden walls" of the early navy now centres about these modern ironrides, together with perhaps an even greater amount of pride and patriotism.

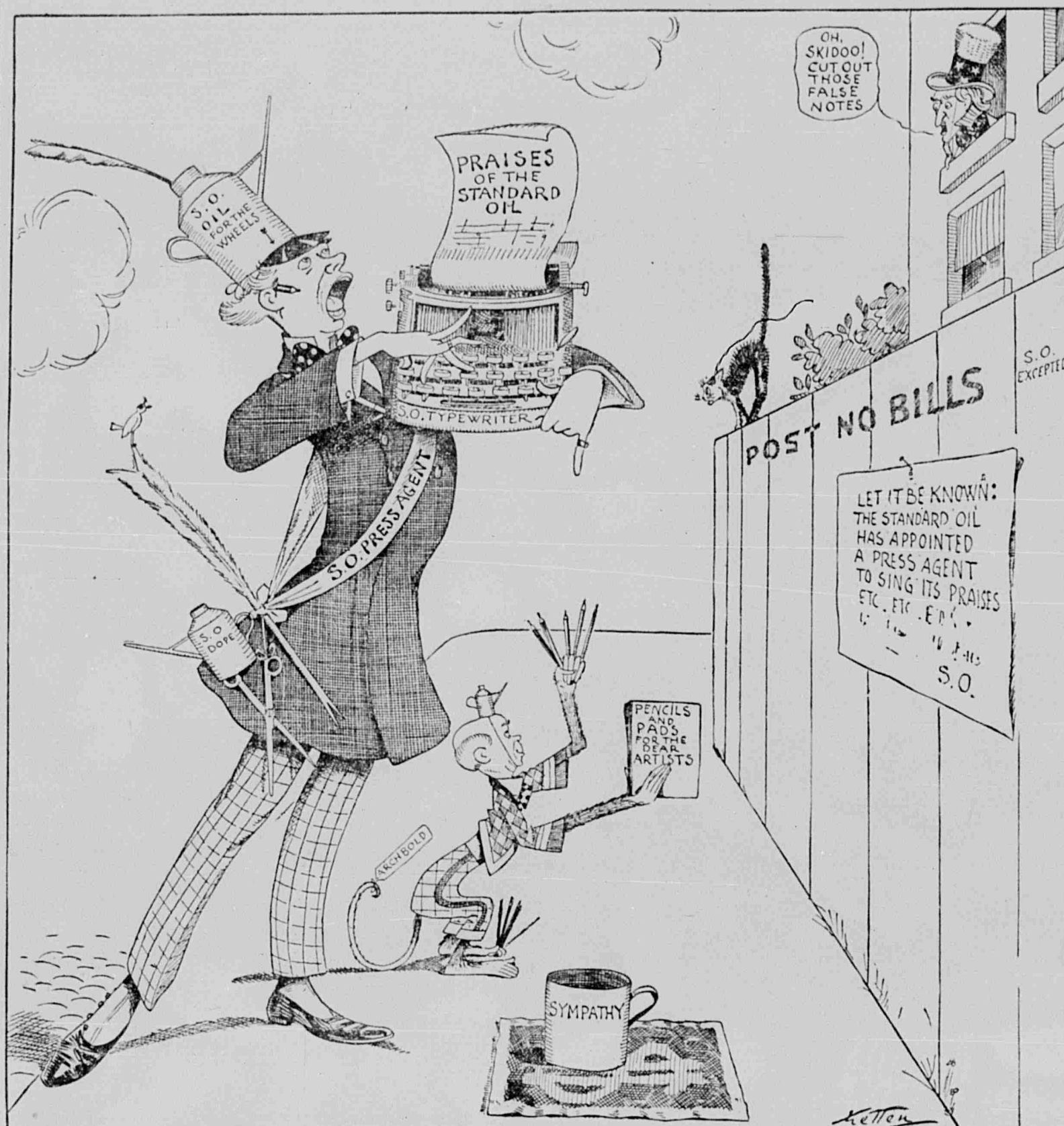
INTO WHOSE POCKETS?

For the averted coal strike the public has the miners chiefly to thank. How far their policy of concession was dictated by self-interest is not so material as the satisfactory outcome of the dispute, which is the main thing. The fact that the miners had most to lose by a strike will not detract from the credit due their representatives for their conciliatory attitude during the negotiations.

With the prospect of hostilities removed coal prices came down. No talk is heard of rebates to consumers who have had to buy at the higher prices, arbitrarily fixed in expectation of a shortage which did not come. This has been a great year for restitution. Is there not even a hint of it in the coal trade? Into whose pockets do the proceeds of this particular act of highwaymanry go?

The New Troubadour.

By Maurice Ketten.



THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"VOW, if some women had to go without talking for an hour or two on a stretch I'm sure they'd blow up," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club. "Of course, when you really have something to talk about, like your own symptoms of nervousness, or your servants or your men neighbors, it's different, and even then when you start in there are always a dozen others who want to keep interrupting and trying to tell you about a lot of personal things that aren't the least bit interesting to you."

"It's just that way at the club meetings half the time. Of course, right at the beginning we passed a rule against talking at the tables, and we tried to enforce it at first, but unless you were the one that did the talking you were so busy saying 'Sh-h!' like that, trying to make the others stop, that you couldn't half way keep your mind on the cards. And besides, if you just sat up there like a bump on a log somebody else would do all the talking, and I couldn't see any justice in a rule that was so one-sided as that."

"So after a while we just quit paying any attention to the rule. But yesterday at Mrs. Colefax's it was perfectly terrible the way those women rabbed. My dear, you couldn't hear your own ears. It sounded just exactly like throwing an apple core in the monkey cage at the Zoo."

"And what made me madder than anything else was that just when it seemed as if I was going to win the prize—and I was perfectly crazy about the prize—although I always have my doubts about Mrs. Colefax's prize, because that woman doesn't think any more of a dollar bill than I do of both arms, and when I win one of her prizes I always look at it very carefully to see if it isn't shopworn or marked down or something. They say you shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, but I will say this—none of Mrs. Colefax's gift horses ever have any gold teeth."

"But what was I saying? Oh, yes, about almost winning the prize. Well, those women gassed so much that I couldn't keep my mind on the cards. And in the last game I got so confused that I made it hearts when I shouldn't, and right away I ran out of trumps, and then I led a losing club, and the second hand saw how weak the dummy was and she took advantage of me in a very un ladylike way, I thought, seeing that I was so close to winning the prize and she had hardly any chance at all."

"She led back her partner's strong suit and their discarded spades and took the rest of the tricks and brought their mean old club suit in clear down to the deuce, and so they made three on hearts and I didn't win the prize."

"So I came home and had a good, long cry."

The Fudge "Idiotorial."

One Million Best Bests.

We have just written our one millionth Best Idiotorial, and have celebrated the event by printing them ALL in Book form. We want YOU to have a COPY of this book. It will help your BABY CUT its TEETH!

All babies should cut their teeth early in life. This book will help them CUT their EYE teeth. Buy a copy of your newsdealer. It will enable him to make twenty-five cents. The books COST us sixteen cents, but we sell to the dealer for seventy-five cents, so we can both MAKE some MONEY. The printer, binder and paper maker get the SIXTEEN CENTS to divide between them. It is a very handsome sum. Some time we will tell you what we do with the FIFTY-NINE cents that comes TO US.

BUT we will not write our AUTOGRAPH in the book. WE write with a typewriter, and it will not produce AUTOGRAPHS. AUTOGRAPHS are no good except on checks—and NOT ALWAYS THEN.

Labor Leader's Expedient.

WHEN speaking in London John Burns once had on a new suit which attracted the attention of one of the audience, who anxiously remarked that agitation seemed to pay. So Mr. Burns told him how he came to get the new garments. It appeared that a representative of a famous waxworks show wanted on him a permission to exhibit him in wax and also for the old suit he was wearing in order to make the presentment more natural. This the member for Battersea was willing enough to part with, except for the fact that it was the only suit he possessed. An exchange satisfactory to both parties was speedily arranged and Burns had a new suit.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

CHAPTER XXV.

A Double Masquerade.

(Continued.)

HE was looking at her with a passionate ardor, grasping her actual words less than their import of refusal.

"Are you afraid?" he cried. "Are you frightened, heart-root of mine? You need not be, my-nomme. You can continue to slip from the house—Mlle. de Tavanne will help you. Once in the street I will meet you; I will carry you home to hold you against all the world."

"It is not that," she answered. "Am I your fear?" he cried quickly. "Ah, Lorraine, my Lorraine, you need not. I love you as I love the Queen of Heaven."

"Ah, hush!"

"As I love the Queen of Heaven. I will as soon do sacrifice toward her as I will to you."

He dropped on his knees before her, kissing the hem of her gown. She stood looking down on his bowed head with a tenderness that seemed to infold him as with a mantle.

He raised his eyes to hers, still kneeling at her feet.

"Lorraine, will you come with me?"

She was silent a moment, with heaving breast and face a-quiver.

"Monsieur, I am sworn. That night when Felix came, when I was in deadly terror for him and for you, Etienne, I promised my lord, as he would lift his hand from you, to obey him in all things. He bade me never again to hold intercourse with you—alack, I am already forsworn! But I cannot."

He leaped to his feet, crying out:

"Lorraine, he was the first forsworn! For he did move against me!"

"He told you—the warning went through Felix—that if you tried to reach me he would crush you as a buzzing fly. Oh, monsieur, I implored you to leave Paris! He was not kind to me, you are cruel, when you venture here."

"You are cruel to me, Lorraine."

Sighing, she turned from him, hiding her face in her hands.

"Mayenne has not kept faith with you!"

"Monsieur went on recklessly. He has broken his oath. I mean not last night. I had my warning; the attack was provoked. But yesterday in the afternoon, before I made the attempt to see you, he sent to arrest me for the murder of the lackey Pontou."

he never look on the outside of its walls again!"

"But he will, he does. He must be free by his time; they cannot keep Mayenne's nephew in the Bastille. And oh, if he hated you before, how he will hate you now! Oh, Etienne, if you love me go! Go to your own camp, your own side, at St. Denis. There are you safe. Here in Paris you may not draw a tranquil breath."

"And shall I flee my dangers? Shall I run, in the face of my peril?"

"Ah, monsieur, perhaps your life is nothing to you, but it is more to me than tongue can tell."

"My love, my love!" He snatched her into his arms, she held away from him to look him beseechingly in the face, her little clutching hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, you will go! you will go!"

"Only if you come with me. Lorraine, it is such a little way! Only to meet me in the next square. We will slip out of the gates together—leave Paris and all its plots and murders, and at St. Denis keep our honeymoon."

"Monsieur," she said slowly, "I am told that my cousin Mayenne offered a month ago to give me to you for your name on the roster of the League. Is that true?"

"It is true. But you cannot think, Lorraine, it was for any lack of love for you. I swear to you!"

"Nay, you need not. I have it by heart that you love me."

"But when you could not take me with honor you would not take me. Your house stands against us; you would not desert your house. Am I then to be false to mine?"

"A woman belongs to her husband's house."

"Aye, but she does not wed the enemy of her own of Monsieur, you are full of loyalty; shall I have none? I was born, my father before me, in the shadow of the house of Lorraine; the Lorraines pinces our kinsmen, our masters, our friends. When I was orphaned young, and penniless because King Henry's Huguenots had wrenched our land away, I came here to my cousin Mayenne to dwell here in kindness and love as a daughter of the house. Am I to turn traitor now?"

"Lorraine," he was fiercely beginning, when Mlle. de Tavanne bounded in.

"On guard!" she hissed at us. "They come!"

She looked behind her into the corridor. Mademoiselle gave her lips to monsieur in one last kiss and slipped like water from his arms. I was at his side, and we busied ourselves over the trinkets, he with shaking fingers, cheeks burning through the stain.

"The ladies streamed into the room, the lovely Mme. de Montpensier alone conspicuous by her absence. Mme. de Mayenne's face was hot and angry and bore marks of tears. Not in this room only had a combat raged."

"Never shall he come into this house again!" madame was crying vigorously. "I had had him strangled, the vile little beast, an she had not, she would have hanged him. I will now if she ever dares bring him hither again!"

"You certainly should, madame," replied the nearest of the ladies. "You have been, in the goodness of your heart, far too forbearing, too patient under many presumptions. One would suppose the mistress here to be Mme. de Montpensier."

"I will show who is mistress here," the Duchesse de Mayenne retorted. Then her eye fell on Mlle. de Montieu, making her way softly to the door, and the vials of her wrath overflowed upon her.



"My love! My love!" He snatched her into his arms.

to follow me to the rescue of my child! Your little cousin, poor innocent, may be eaten by the beasts for aught you care, while you drink over trinkets."

Mademoiselle faced her blankly, scarce understanding, amidst the whirl of her own thoughts, of what she was accused. The little Tavanne came gallantly to the rescue:

"I did not follow you, either, madame. We thought it scarcely safe; Lorraine could not bear to leave this fellow alone."

Mme. de Mayenne glanced instinctively at her dressing table's rich accoutrements, touched in spite of herself by such care of her belongings.

"I had not suspected you made of such ferocious thought," she said with relenting. "I vow for once I am beholden to you. You did quite right, Lorraine."

Freedom was in sight. I was not so nervous on this journey as I had been coming in. As we passed, lackey-led, through the long corridors, I had ease enough of mind to enable me to take my bearings and to whisper to my master, "That door yonder is the door of the council-room, where I

was." Even as I spoke the door opened, two gentlemen appearing at the threshold. One was a stranger; the other was Mayenne.

Our guide held back in deference. The duke and his friend stood a moment or two in low-voiced converse; then the visitor made his farewells and went off down the staircase.

Mayenne had not appeared aware of our existence, thirty feet up the passage, but now he inquired, as if we had been pieces of merchandise:

"What have you there, Louis?"

"An Italian goldsmith, so please Your Grace. Madame has just dismissed him."

He led us forward. Mayenne surveyed us deliberately, and at length said to M. le Comte:

"I will look at your wares."

M. Etienne smiled his eager, deprecating smile, informing His Highness that we, poor creatures, spoke no French.

"How came you in Paris, then?"

M. Etienne for the fourth time went through with his tale. I think this time he must have trembled over it. My Lord Mayenne had not the reputation of being easily lulled. For aught we knew he might be informed of the name and condition of every person who had entered Paris this year. He might, as he listened, stolid-faced, be checking off to himself the number of monsieur's lies. But if M. Etienne trembled in his soul his words never faltered; he knew his history well, by this. At its finish Mayenne said:

"Come in here."

The lackey was ordered to wait outside, while we followed His Grace of Mayenne across the council-room to that table by the window where he had sat with Lucas night before last. I clinched my teeth to keep them from chattering together. Not Grammont's brutality, not Lucas's venom, not Mlle. de Tavanne's rampant suspicion, had ever frightened me so horribly as did Mayenne's amiable composure. He made me feel as if I had felt when I entered the tunnel, helpless in the dark, unable to cope with dangers I could not see. Mayenne was a well, the light shining down its sides a way, and far below the still surface of the water. You hang over the edge and peer till your eyes drop out; you can as easily look through iron as discern how deep the water is. I seemed to see clearly that Mayenne suspected us not in the least. He was as placid as a summer day, turning over the contents of the box, showing little interest in the contents of our wares, every now and then speaking a generous word of praise or asking a friendly question.

The humble tradesmen whom we feigned to be must needs have worshipfully loved him. Yet without I believed that all the time he knew us; that he was amusing himself with us. Presently, when he tired, he would walk casually out of the room and send in his creatures to stab us.

Had I known this for a truth, that he had discovered us, I should have braced myself, I trow, to meet it. The certainty would have been bearable; I had courage to face ruin. It was the uncertainty that was so heart-shaking—like crowding a morass in the dark. We might be on the safe path; we might with every step be wandering away further and further into the treacherous bog; there was no way to tell. Mayenne was quite the man to be kindly patron of the crafts, to pick out a rich present for a friend. He was also the man to sit in the presence of his enemy, unobtrusively, tranquil, assured, waiting. It seemed to me that in a few minutes more of this I should go mad; I should scream out: "Yes, I am Felix Broux and he is M. le Comte de Marl!"

But before I had verily come to this something happened to change the situation. Entered like a young tempest, slamming the door after him, Lucas.

M. Etienne clutched me by the arm, drawing me back into the assurance of a famous waxworks. We stood in plain sight, but with our faces blotted out against the light. Mayenne looked up from two rings he was comparing, one in each hand. Lucas, hat on head, came rapidly across the room.

"So you have appeared again," Mayenne said. "I could almost believe myself back in night before last."

"Aye, at last I have." Lucas was all hot and ruffled, panting half from hurry, half from wrath. "You saw fit to be absent last night," Mayenne went on indifferently, his eyes on the ring. "I trust, for your sake, you have used your time profitably."

"I have been about my own concerns," Lucas answered lightly, arming himself with his insolence against the other's disdain. In a moment he had mastered the excitement that brought him so stormily into the room. He was once more the Lucas who had entered that other night, nonchalant, mocking.

"Pretty trinkets," he observed, sitting down and lifting a bracelet from the tray.

The close kinship of these men betrayed itself in nothing so sharply as in their unerring instinct for annoying each other. Had Lucas volunteered explanation for his absence Mayenne would not have listened to it, but as he withheld it the duke demanded brusquely:

"Well, do you give an account of yourself? You had better."

Lucas repeated the tactics which he had found such good entertainment before. He looked with raised eyebrows toward us.

"You would not have me speak before these vermin, uncle?"

"These vermin understand no French," Mayenne made answer. "But do as it likes you. It is nothing to me."

My master pinched my hand. Mayenne did not know us! After all he was what M. Etienne had called him—a man, neither god nor devil. He could make mistakes like the rest of us. For once he had been caught napping.

Lucas leaned back in his chair with a meditative air as if idly wondering whether to speak or not. In his place I should not have wondered one moment. Had Mayenne assured me in that quiet tone that he cared nothing whether I spoke I should scarce have been able to utter my words fast enough. But there was so strange a twist in Lucas's nature that he must sometimes thwart his own interests, value his caprice above his prosperity. Also in this case his story was no triumphant one. But at length he did begin it:

"I went to Bellin to inform him that day before yesterday Etienne de Marl murdered his lackey Pontou in Mar's house in the Rue Coupegarrets."

"Was that your errand?" Mayenne said, looking up in slow surprise. "My faith! your onths to Lorraine trouble you little."

Lucas started forward sharply. "Do you tell me you did not know my purpose?"

"I knew, of course, that you were up to some warlockery," Mayenne answered; "I did not concern myself to discover what."

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerade," by Katharine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Diamond of Navarre," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre" on May 10, in the Evening World.